

HIGH LIGHTS



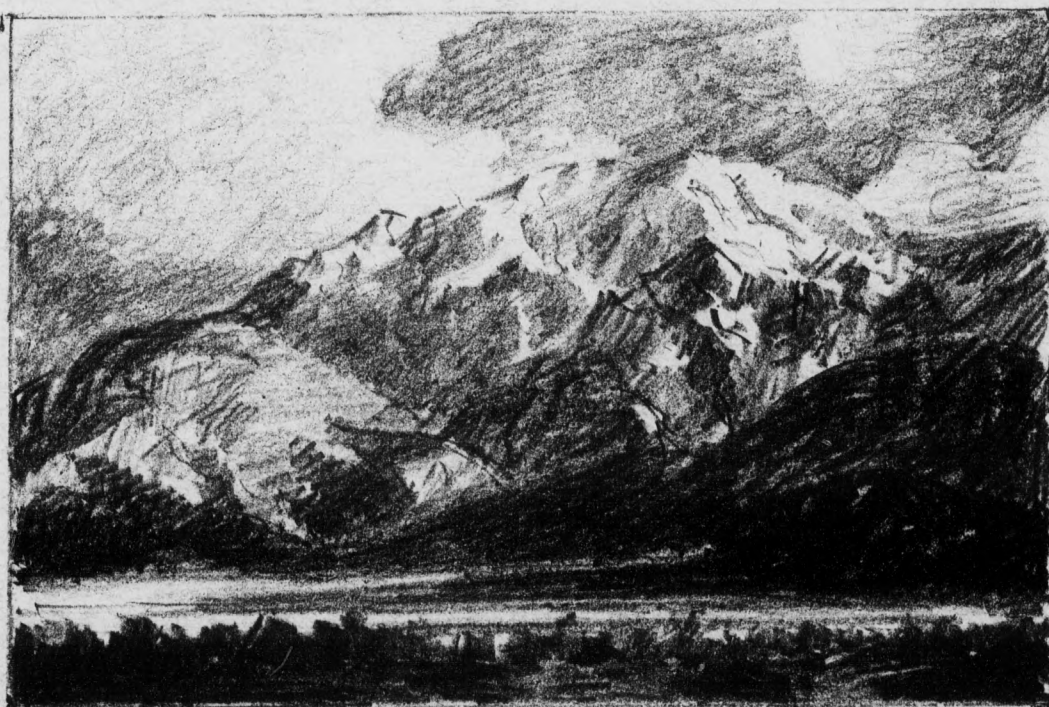
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HIGH LIGHTS

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Leslie B. Wynne	Bill Burke	Alfred J. Dewey
	Dottie Burke	

HIGH LIGHTS, from the foothills; issued monthly by Sierra Madre Arts Guild at the Old Adobe Studio in Sierra Madre, California.

MACARTHUR'S MEN

Harold D. Carew

Yuh ast me to tell of MacArthur
An' us guys? . . . But what's there to say?
Was I there? . . . I'm hoping to tell you.
Was out there two months to a day.

My leg? . . . Ye-ah. . . . How did I lose it?
Now gimme your word you won't tell:
The Japs sent a general for it. . . .
It wasn't blowed off by a shell.

The fox holes? . . . Oh, sure! Now you're talkin'.
To tell yuh the truth, they was great.
No joint to be takin' a nap in,
But swell place for stayin' up late.

Y' admire us mugs and MacArthur?
Y' say what we done makes yuh proud? . . .
Say, mister, you're bein' sentimental. . . .
Pipe down an' don't tell it out loud.

Zat so? . . . What eats me is the rotters
That sold all the stuff to Japan
An' looked to us bozos to take it
Out there in the dust of Bataan.

I'm callin' the turn like I see it,
An' don't give a damn for the yaps
That sold all the gas, tin and rubber,
An' loaded the guns for the Japs.

It's business, y' say? . . . Well, I'm stymied.
That racket to me don't make sense,
To let a few big shots make profits
At this here Republic's expense.

Them guys helped Japan to bomb China
While chambers of commerce was mum;
They sold Uncle Sam down the river
While Congress was dumber than dumb.

Fifth columnists? . . . How come y' passed up
The "patriots" out for the jack,
Sellin' eight million tons of scrap-iron
An' leavin' us holdin' the sack?

I'm wrong? . . . Well, I ain't had much schoolin'
Like Business Big Shots; but, heck,
I wish I could take them smart alecks
Out there by the scruff of the neck

An' see 'em eat bullets for breakfast,
An' give 'em a knockdown to Mac,
An' see could they stop the scrap-iron
The Japs are now firing back.

Yuh ast me to tell of MacArthur? . . .
Aw, shucks! . . . They ain't nuthin' to tell,
'Cept, even with cards stacked agen him,
I'll say that he done pretty well.

We stood off the treacherous bastids;
We'd a bumped 'em all off to a man;
But business guys had to have profits
From cargoes they shipped to Japan.

OLD STUFF

There was a time, not so very long ago, when we were sometimes asked by certain patriots: "Why is it that you are always talking so much about war? This is old stuff. War is no pressing concern. It seems to us that the immediate problem of the day, and the one to be talking about, is the matter of traffic accidents."

That was before Pearl Harbor, although even then war was raging in Europe and Asia, stalking closer every day. Now the war has come home to ourselves, and with it have come tire conservation and gasoline rationing. With half the cars off the road and the other half crawling along the boulevards at 35 miles an hour, traffic accidents have all but disappeared and the immediate problem of the day is no longer a problem. Suddenly, for these people, aside from the minor inconveniences of food and gasoline rationing, the war has solved all of their difficulties, all of them except one: What is to become of their sons? Now these sons, some of them, with credit to themselves, are working earnestly in defense plants and in war industries, and these same shortsighted people are

praying just as earnestly that these sons may be left in their havens for the duration, that the doors may not be opened upon them there and they be swept out with the draft.

It is certainly surprising to find how many good people there are who, while they admit war to be evil, feel that nothing effective can ever be done about it; but it is shocking to realize how many more there are who are utterly indifferent to the whole matter until it hits themselves. They appear to take the attitude that war is like a major disaster at the ends of the earth, something always striking at remote populations but never at them. Then there are a goodly number of people who, in spite of all of the lessons of 6000 years of history, actually believe that war is beneficial to the race. Happily, these last are in a decided minority, although the obstructionists, the isolationists, and the pacifists who assuredly hate war, often unwittingly play their game. And then there are the misguided, the utterly foolish ones, who boast that "If an enemy threatens us, we shall raise an army of millions overnight; if the foe dares set foot upon our soil, he will find awaiting him a minuteman behind every hedgerow and behind every tree. We can whip the whole wide world with both our hands tied behind our backs." And Echo answers: "Oh, yeah! And, while you are pulling off your miracles, what will I be doing?"

Let us be sensible even if it costs us an effort. Truly, the foolish man must go down with his folly and the shortsighted be left to his grief.

Yes, war is old stuff; and just because it has been so long with us, if for no better reason, it is high time it were gone. Can we dodge the aggressors of the future by crawling into a hole with wishful thinking? Not a chance. Shall we throw the peace away this time, after we win it, as we did before? If we do, it may well be that we shall do it for the last time; and yet, there is great danger of our doing just that. Once more the old voices are crying even now: 1917 is asking again, "Are we fighting this war to end wars?"; and 1919 again replies, "Who cares? It's all over for our day, isn't it?"

But no, it isn't over for our day because our day runs with that of our sons and our grandsons and with that of their sons forever; for it is in them that we are immortal, not in ourselves....It will be much easier and far less costly for us as a nation to police the world

for the next thousand years than ever again go through another world war; or will you leave your children without compunction to this Baal and this Moloch that now so harshly lay hold upon you?

TWO POEMS

Winifred Flynn

WAS IT MAGIC?

Was it magic that we felt,
The day your eyes found mine
To tremble a wall of silence
With a strange melodious rime?

Was it magic made me feel
That the world glowed new and strong,
When my heart was winged with laughter
And my feet were winged with song?

Alone upon a hill path
On such a night as this,
I feel your magic in the moon:-
My finger tips you kiss.

SALT SPRAY KISS

I turned my step with the whispering wind --
Its fingers were soft in my hair --
And danced to the crest of the silent hill,
But I did not find you there.

I trembled in awe at the song of the sea,
My wild heart stilled to hear;
My hands reached out to shatter the dark,
But I did not find you near.

And then, one night on a steep star path
With the wind and the errant sea,
I closed my eyes for a salt spray kiss
And I knew you were there with me.

HORACE

the guild mouse

Sneekin thru the mouse hole in the back door so to not disturb our new brood which i figure mrs mouse is tuckin in for the day i find her sittin on a brick in the fireplace with an old paint rag rapt around her and a heavy skowl on her face. what do u think of paradise my deer i says without payin atenshun to her skowl.

what do u mean, pair o dice, says she, u big bum stayin out all ours and cumin in here after i worked my paws to the bone all nite takin care of ur offsprings she says.

i can see she is in no mood for a plesent chat so i start for my nitch under the etchin press and barely get 2 inches when mrs m yells wher do u get that pair o dice stuff and cum here. o ho she says after sniffin at me thats not chez i smell. u bin proulin around all nite with that good for nothin over at jorje coxs house. u r outside the point i cum back gettin a little peeved i cum in here in good spirits. o yes says she its spirits all rite but is it good i ax u. at that she started tellin me a bedtime story but it wuz an old story to me.

i cum home in good spirits i repete in a lovabul mood where i left off as she finally finishes the story. yes says mrs m and u spring that pair o dice stuff. the thot cum to me i cut in edgewise at the first opening when i dropped by dad and mother crusers next door to see what wuz left over from supper and as i past the bedroom door they wuz layin out there bones and snorin so softly in a unison i says to myself thats paradise.

paradise! paradise!! mused the missus. o ho i get it she says. the crusers me i. u bin rollin the bones agin and u r tryin to give me the impreshun u wuz talkin of the place where all the chezes r. u r makin a play on words. no my deer i sed that is one thing i cant tolerate and i wuz not playin the bones eyther but i will ignore ur ignorance with resignashun i sed for u have given me an idea of the hereafter thats very pretty. i can see us now sittin around among chezes and rollin our bones with conjeanial mice. ur bones says she will roll around the insides of a certain black cat i cud menshun if u cum home agin with such piffle.

i must be more careful of these dubble words.

FAR PLACES

Bill Burke

The ties that bind all members of the Sierra Madre Arts Guild family, are hard to define, yet seem to be rather hard to break.

Many who have been members have dropped away, many have moved away, but with them all the connection remains.

Through the medium of "High Lights," many who are unable to continue attending the monthly meetings are still informed of the Guild activities, and continue to send in their memberships and receive their copies of the magazine, though many hundreds of miles away.

The mailing list of the magazine has reached a point where approximately half of each month's printing must be sent out of town.

In these war days, some of the issues are reaching strange and far places, and more seem destined to reach even stranger and farther.

Part of the monthly mailing regularly reaches the four corners of the country. Some readers are in New York and other points in the eastern states, some in the mid-west, some in the far north.

There are now more than a dozen members who are in the army, navy, or some other active branch of the war services, and to many of these men the magazine goes out.

Some of the members, with friends and former members living outside of the country, have sent the magazine to England and to Australia. Perhaps it will follow some of its service members to even more distant lands.

Among the contributors from outside the state are members in New York and in Illinois. Charles Carroll Adams has sent two articles about Greenwich Village, that fascinating spot in the world's largest city; while Miss Harriet Grant of Danville, Illinois, has contributed a bit of nostalgic poetry enshrining her memories of the days when she once lived here in Sierra Madre.

Among the anonymous contributions, have recently been two letters all the way from England.

"RETURN OF ULYSSES"

Bob Foote

Snatching the cloak of heroics off the figure of antiquity, Emil Ludwig, famed historian of this day, takes issue with Homer, the even more celebrated historian of the past. Through the medium of a keenly ironic comedy, "Return of Ulysses," the modern historian utilizes the character of the ancient writer to give a diverting version of what more probably delayed the homecoming of the first world hero. As has been suspected for centuries, the delay visualized by Ludwig is of feminine nature. Altogether a charming interruption, as portrayed in this entertainment at the Pasadena Playhouse where it will hold the main stage until February 6.

The occasion is a notable one for the Pasadena dramatic institution, since it marks the first production of a play by Ludwig in a score of years. The opportunity of "creating" "Return of Ulysses" was eagerly sought by many other groups. That he chose Pasadena Playhouse for its world premiere is an honor that must be deeply appreciated by Director Gilmer Brown and his staff. They repay the compliment with a penetration which preserves the Ludwig tongue-in-cheek attitude and should greatly please the author and his adapter, Barbara West.

That Ludwig is no novice in the art of playwrighting is quickly demonstrated and it comes as no surprise to learn that his literary youth was largely devoted to dramatic writing. There is, of course, nothing particularly novel in humanizing of the ancients. John Erskine and the late Thorne Smith made the method popular in novels for this generation and the idea has been applied to the stage with considerable success by the Lunts and others.

Never, it may be safely believed, has debunking been done with greater sympathy in the writing nor with more subtlety in the playing. Ludwig's Ulysses is a great liar and considerable of a humbug but he is not entirely divested of his heroic quality. His quick brain pulls him through victorious in battles of love as it has in battles of hate. His strength, too, remains impressive until the final moment when he falters on the top stair in dragging his none too reluctant but still reproachful wife, Penelope, toward the inner reaches of his refound home. Then it becomes indisputable that his boast that "I've been around," is all too true.

Both the direction of the play and the interpretation of the name part have been entrusted to Onslow Stevens, himself a product of the Playhouse and noted also in the films. His is a skillful achievement, in both regards. He skims carefully around the pitfalls of tempting burlesque and keeps Ulysses always short of the ridiculous, always in action emphasizing the biting satire of the words.

Shudders of apprehension may run over the audience when Ulysses steps before the opening curtain and begins to declaim in traditionally heroic manner from the book of Homer. They are quickly followed by relieved sighs of anticipation when a "plant" in the audience demands that the ancients be presented as they actually must have been. This is done, with considerable conviction, to the accompaniment of rollicking mirth.

To the accompaniment, too, of incidental music especially composed for this production by Eric Zeisl of Hollywood and given by a five-piece orchestra conducted by Dr. Hugo Strelitzer, which adds much to the enjoyment, the play continues.

Naturally, the principal support leans upon charming women; the storming Calypso of Mabel Albertson; the decidedly resented guidance of the virgin goddess Athena, beautiful in the form of Gloria Folland; the fascinatingly youthful Nausicaa of Harriet Brookings; the stately Penelope of Gene Knudson.

Of the masculine parts one of the most important is done with pleasing youthful uncertainty by the author's own son, Gordon Ludwig, as Telemach, Ulysses' son. A large cast is required and among other important roles are those presented by Stuart Weissenborn, Ruth Blakeley, Jerome Bruner, Denny Hawkins, Tom Reynolds, Al Woods, and Robert Gallagher.

Sets which lend themselves fittingly to the fun, were designed by Rita Glover, art director of the Playhouse.

* * * * *

Following the "Return of Ulysses," that hilarious old murder mystery, "Arsenic and Old Lace," will be the attraction at the Pasadena Playhouse, beginning Wednesday evening, February 10, and continuing until Sunday, February 21.

SCENARIO or, The Ugly Duckling

George Cecil Cowing

I was cleaning out my desk the other day and came across a carbon copy of a movie scenario I wrote twenty years ago and sent to Cecil B. De Mille. The title was "The Homeliest Woman in New York." Here is the scenario as I wrote it, in my chaste style of the period:

"A homely young woman, with dowdy ideas on dress, possesses some money. Knowing this, a dashing fellow woos her, swearing his love. They become engaged.

"Then, suddenly, she loses all her money. The man hears about it and in a panic demands to know if it is true. She replies that it is, but she presumes that he loves her and will marry her just the same. He demurs, finally exclaiming: 'My God, I simply can't marry you now. You're the homeliest woman in New York.' (That's where the title comes in.)

"It was a cruel blow. (I had as hard a time sticking to my tenses then as now.) When the first pangs pass, the girl makes a resolve. First, she must have means. She starts a chain of tea rooms, an interior decorating concern, or something like that. The enterprise is a great success. At the same time she invokes every natural, scientific and incidental agency in the known world to make her more beautiful -- exercise, poise, creams, powders, massage, hair-dressing, clothes, millinery, everything.

"In two or three years she becomes not only well-to-do but 'the most attractive woman in New York,' with scores of suitors and her pictures in all the roto-gravure sections. The cad who had jilted her, discovering he had passed up a good bet, files his application again. She turns him down and all others, to marry the homeliest man in New York." (Get the surprise ending?)

It was on October 27, 1922, that I sent this scenario to De Mille. He never answered my letter, and I remember I was pretty cut up about it at the time. The rest is history. The whole world remembers how from October 1922 on, the silent movies went from bad to worse, steadily dropping in public favor, and that the whole industry was in a terrible funk until miraculously saved by the perfection of the talkie.

GUILD MEETINGS

Alfred J. Dewey

Mr. Bernhardt Wall, the well-known etcher, will speak on Lincoln at the next meeting of the Guild to be held Friday evening, February 5, at the Old Adobe Studio. The precise subject of his talk will be, "Interesting Side Lights of Lincoln's Life," based on information gained by Mr. Wall in his research into the picturesque life of Lincoln in connection with his many illustrations of books on Lincoln. Following his talk, the extensive collection of his Lincoln etchings will be shown.

"Who's Who in America" lists Mr. Wall as an etcher of historical biographies since 1931. Among his works are: World War Etchings, Man's Best Friend, One Midnight With Roosevelt, Washington Irving Footprints, Windjammers, Oberammergau, The Laughter, Forty Prints of New York, Tantalus, Lincoln - Man of the People, Gettysburg Speech, Abraham Lincoln - American, Lincoln's New Salem, Pirates, Greenwich Village, and Mark Twain's Missouri. His etchings, besides, appear in biographies of Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Jefferson, LaFayette, Gen. Sam Houston, Stephen F. Austin, Andrew Jackson, Edwin Markham, and James McNeill Whistler. His work is represented in the British Museum, the National Library of Madrid, the universities of Chicago and Illinois, Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, Brown, and the Lincoln Memorial, as well as Alleghany College, the New York Historical Society, and the Huntington Library.

Mr. Wall, a genial, very modest and retiring man, recently moved to Sierra Madre from Lime Rock, Conn., and plans to make his permanent home here. He brought with him his presses and his first editions, numbering hundreds. He spent many years in San Antonio, Texas, where he founded the San Antonio Art League. He was awarded the San Antonio Art League silver medal in 1894. He is now working on a very comprehensive book of etchings on the life of Lincoln.

His etchings are masterly. Not only of great value as historical documents, they are just as valuable purely as art. In spite of his own modest contention that his work is pure delineation, it has that added charm of human feeling.

In addition to Mr. Wall's talk on Lincoln, some musical program is to be arranged for the evening.

"HI"ER EDUCATION

Leslie B. Wynne

Across the dreamy campus, in the golden haze of late afternoon, the windows of the grey stone halls of learning gaze through the encircling ivy like the quiet eyes of aging spinsters peering languidly through dark green veils.

A student is sprawled out upon the granite steps under the Gothic arches of the college library, pouring doggedly over a book. Can it be that his subject is all enthralling, he yawns so wearily from time to time?

Suddenly, the soft patter of feet is heard from the graveled walk, and a young co-ed, like a sunbeam straying into the gloom, comes springing up the stairs. Instantly, the student is upon his feet, his weariness gone, as with the delightful and privileged impertinence of youth he accosts her with the cabalistic salutation, "Hi!"

"Hi, yourself."

"What! The evening so lovely, and you are going into the library to bury yourself in musty books?"

"I haven't said so."

"No; but tell me: how about studying the sunset for a change?"

"Silly, I've studied the sunset before." And her laughter is like the tinkle of running water to the thirst of his love.

"Yes; but have you ever studied it with a boy's arm about your waist? It looks so differently."

"Indeed! That depends on who he is.... Well!...."

And they walk away together, not unto books but unto the setting sun across the lawns, their long shadows following in their wake like intimate, jealous spirits, to merge with those of the lindens and those of the elms.

Across the drowsy campus, in the silver mist of early twilight, the windows of the grey stone halls of learning gaze through the enclosing ivy like the inquiet eyes of elderly spinsters peering curiously through dusky veils.



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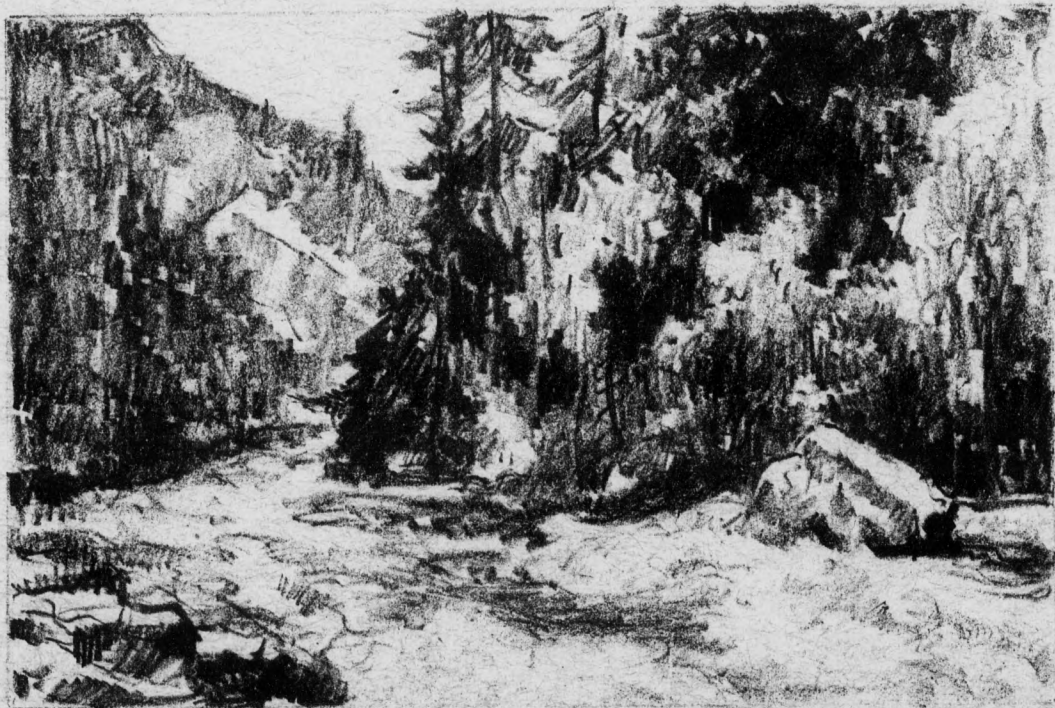
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